

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 43

Ginny crept down the hall quietly, hoping she wouldn't wake her mother. She was heading for one place ... Harry's room. She wanted to sneak in there and hopefully have a bit of sexy fun before the day started. Reaching his door, she quietly opened it and snuck in. What she didn't expect was that there was already a horny cow in his bed. Ginny glared at the busty redhead running her hands up and down Harry's stomach while he slept. The older woman looked up, and a devious smirk spread across her face.

"Do you mind?" Molly said quietly. "I don't want to wake him. We had a long night," she smirked while her voice was full of amusement. Ginny glared even harder, left the room, and angrily stomped back to her room. Molly chuckled and began laying soft kisses down his chest, belly, and a little bit lower.

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Harry spent the next few days preparing everything for Emma's upcoming ritual. He noticed some tension in the Burrow between Ginny and Molly, and it filled him with great joy, knowing he was the cause of all the strife. The jealousy was palpable, and he was the one to benefit from it. Ginny would pull him away at every opportunity for some fun time while Molly practically begged for his cock every night.

When he had everything set up, Harry contacted Emma, and she invited him over. He knocked on the door, and Hermione answered. She smiled prettily at him and wrapped him in a tight hug. "Let the boy breathe," Emma said amusedly from inside the house. Hermione let him go and pulled him inside.

"Hey Emma," Harry smiled at the pretty older woman. She smiled back and offered him some tea, which he gladly accepted.

"So ... It's ready?" she asked. "The ritual, I mean," she clarified. Harry took a sip and nodded.

"I take it you already talked to Hermione about it?" he asked since Hermione was right there listening. He, of course, already knew that she had. Hermione told him everything, after all, but Emma didn't know that.

"Yes, I did. She even gave her blessing," Emma smiled at her. Hermione returned the smile like a good, obedient daughter would.

"That's wonderful to hear," Harry said happily.

"When do you want to do it?" Emma asked eagerly. As far as she was concerned, the sooner the better.

"I suppose we should do it tonight," Harry told her. "I already have the potion brewed, and it has a short shelf-life," he explained.

Emma nodded, and her heart began to beat faster. Sure, she was very excited about the prospect but also nervous. She had never undergone anything like this. Magic was always strange to her. It was something she couldn't understand. Still, she trusted Harry. He had obviously done a very good job on Hermione and himself. "I'm ready whenever you are," she responded, trying not to sound nervous.

"I suppose we should get going then. You'll be okay here by yourself?" he asked Hermione. The question was just to keep appearances. Hermione would be more than fine on her own.

"Yes, Harry," she rolled her eyes. "I've told my mum the very same thing a hundred times." Harry chuckled and turned to Emma.

"Shall we?" he asked.

"Should I bring anything?" she asked him. "A change of clothes or ..."

Harry shook his head. "That won't be necessary. Besides, after the ritual, your old clothes probably won't fit anymore," he reminded her. Emma realized what he was getting at and blushed. It was a wonderful problem to have, she thought to herself.

"Alright then ... Let's go," she said.

The pair left Hermione behind and walked down the street a ways. Harry led her to a secluded spot and held out a plastic comb. "This is a portkey," he explained. "It'll magically take us to where we need to go. Just grab hold and don't let go."

Emma's heart was thumping loudly in her chest. She exhaled and nodded. After grabbing the comb, she was suddenly pulled into a swirling vortex. Emma couldn't help but squeal in fright as she was hooked at the navel and twisted through a howling wind. She closed her eyes and wished for the madness to end. Thankfully, it soon did. Her feet hit solid ground, and she immediately lost her balance. She squeaked as she tumbled over. Harry's strong arms caught her before she could hit the ground. Emma leaned into his embrace, trying desperately to keep from hyperventilating. "That was some ride, huh?" Harry joked with her.

"I'll say," she agreed and blushed harder when she noticed that she was pressed right up against his chest. Her soft breasts were mashed against his chest, and his perfect lips were right there, waiting to be kissed. 'Control yourself, Emma!' she mentally chastised herself.

Harry's hand moved down her back and over her hips as he steadied her on her feet. Emma cleared her throat and smoothed her wrinkled clothes. "Thank you, Harry."

"Don't mention it," he smiled at her. Emma only hoped her overheated face wasn't noticeably red.

Emma got her first look at the place where she would be doing the ritual. It wasn't much to look at if she was being honest. Harry must have realized what she was thinking.

"I know it doesn't look like much, but it has everything we need. Plus, it's far away from prying eyes and too far for any ministry to sense and track the magic," he assured her. Emma nodded while looking around.

There was a large, intricately drawn symbol on the ground with a long, shallow metal tub placed in the middle. "That's a runic circle. It will absorb ambient magic and channel it into your body. The tub will have a potion inside that you'll soak in," he explained. It all went straight over her head. Emma then noticed the large, comfy-looking bed off in a corner.

"That's the bed we'll be sleeping in tonight," he told her. Emma's mouth became a little dry.

"We?" she asked, her voice warbling slightly.

"I need to stay close to you while your body processes the changes. I'll be able to wake up immediately and tend to you if there are any problems," he said. "But if that's a problem ..." he began, but Emma waved it off.

"It's not a problem. Whatever we need to do," she said, steeling her nerves. Harry smiled and nodded. He then went to a nearby table and picked up a medium-sized vial of pink liquid. He held it out to her.

"This is your last chance to back out," he warned. Emma shook her head and took the vial from him.

"I want to do this. I'm ready," she assured him.

"Okay. I'll tell you when to drink it. First, you have to take off your ... uh, you know ..." he said, sounding embarrassed.

"My clothes?" she guessed, and Harry nodded. Emma nodded and took a deep breath. She exhaled loudly and walked over to the bed. She set the vial down on a side table and began undressing with shaky hands. She looked over at Harry who was levitating a smoking cauldron over to the tub. She watched him magically tip the cauldron over and pour the liquid inside. He set the cauldron back down and turned to her. Emma blushed madly and went back to undressing.

Once she was fully nude, she folded her clothes neatly and placed them on the bed. She grabbed the vial and walked over to Harry. Though her heart was hammering in her chest, she didn't bother covering her nudity. Harry would see everything anyway. It didn't stop her from being embarrassed when she saw him look her up and down. Her face burned, knowing he was seeing her naked tits and bald pussy. She made sure to shave everything beforehand. If he was going to see her, she wanted to at least look her best, she figured. Thankfully, he was tactful enough not to stare. He quickly looked her in the eyes and said, "Okay, we're going to begin. Drink that down. Luckily for you, it doesn't taste that bad."

Not giving herself any time to chicken out, she popped the cork and drank it down in one go. She winced at the taste. As he had said, it wasn't disgusting, but it wasn't good either. Harry took the bottle from her and set it aside. He then placed his hand on her lower back and led her to the runic circle.

"This part is going to test your nerves," Harry warned. "You're going to be completely submerged in the potion, and you'll have to stay under for three hours. Don't worry, though," he quickly added. "You'll be able to breathe just fine. It's just a little scary at first."

Now, Emma really was nervous, though she refused to back out. If Harry and Hermione could survive it, then she could too. She looked at the potion that was still steaming. "Is it really hot?" she cautiously asked him.

"More than warm, less than hot," Harry told her. "The temperature is actually pretty comfortable to be in. It's slightly cooler than a hot tub."

That actually did sound pretty good right about then. The room they were in was quite chilly. The goosebumps on her body and her stiff nipples were proof of that. "Okay," she said.

"I'm going to levitate you in so you don't step on the circle and damage it," Harry said. She was then hoisted into the air. Emma squeaked as her body floated in mid-air. She then tilted backward until she was in a lying position. She floated over to the tub until she was directly above it. Suddenly, the lines of the runic circle began to glow brightly. Harry then gently lowered her down. When her cold back touched the warm liquid, she gasped and shivered. She didn't have much time to think about her situation before the liquid was up to her ears. A second later, her entire face was submerged.

Instinctively, she held her breath as she went under. When her air ran out, Emma began to panic. She wanted to thrash and break through the liquid's surface for a fresh breath, but her body was magically pinned to the bottom of the tub. She gasped and took in a lungful of the liquid. Just as Harry had explained, she was somehow able to breathe just fine. Her heart was thundering as incredible relief swept through her. It took a quarter of an hour before she could calm down enough to take stock of her situation. The liquid she was in was very warm and made her body tingle pleasantly. As the minutes passed, the tingling only got worse. At some

point, it became a bit uncomfortable. Unfortunately, there wasn't much she could do but lie there and wait.

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Harry worked on some projects while waiting for the necessary time to pass. He periodically checked the clock and put away his things when it was time. He walked over to the tub and waved his hand. The runic circle flickered before the light completely died out. Harry waved his hand again, and the liquid in the tub vanished. Emma groaned and tried to push herself into a sitting position, but it was no use. Her muscles gave out, and she collapsed back down. Harry looked her over.

She looked sexier than before, but this was just the beginning. Her body wasn't done changing. It wouldn't be until sometime the next day before he got to see the final product. Harry levitated her out of the tub, rinsed her with water, and caught her in his arms. Emma's arms wrapped around his neck as he bridal carried her over to the bed. "My body ... really sore," she groaned into his neck.

"That's normal," Harry told her as he sat down on the edge of the bed with her in his lap. Emma kept her arms around his neck while slowly breathing against his neck. Harry smirked as he summoned a soft, fluffy towel to him. Sure, he could have dried her off with magic, but where was the fun in that? "It'll last most of the night, but you should feel fine tomorrow."

He ran the towel up and down her back and over her thighs. Emma whimpered and buried her face deeper into his neck. Her soft lips brushed against his hot skin, and he wasn't sure if it was an accident or intentional. He then laid her down and slowly dried off her legs. Emma watched him tiredly, not caring that her legs were slightly parted. Harry ran the towel up the inside of her thigh and got a good look at her naked slit. Her bald slit was small and looked incredibly tight. The hood of her clit was swollen, letting him know that she liked how she was being treated. Harry then moved to her other inner thigh, and her legs opened slightly wider. If her swollen clit wasn't an indicator of her horniness, then the sudden smell of her arousal certainly was. Emma gasped as he moved the soft towel further up, and it accidentally brushed against her pussy. Harry moved his eyes from her pussy to her heaving chest. Her nipples were back to being rock-hard. Sadly, it didn't appear that she would be able to stay awake for much longer.

He ran the towel up her slim, toned belly and over her much perkier breasts. Emma moaned as he made sure they were extra dry. Not wanting to stimulate her too much too soon, Harry hit her with his magic and dried her off the rest of the way. Her wet hair instantly dried with a puff of steam. Harry sat down next to her and brushed the hair from her face. Emma looked at him, blushing. "You should get some rest," he told her. She nodded and then shivered.

"It's cold," she said, rubbing her arms as her body shivered. Her actions caused her breasts to be pressed together, creating a very sexy sight. Harry took that as an invitation and stripped down to his boxers. He climbed into bed next to her and pulled the blanket over them. Emma

shivered again and scooted closer to him. Her arms slipped over his belly, and she pressed her naked chest against his side. Harry slid his arm underneath her neck, and Emma took the opportunity to cuddle close. "So warm," she sighed happily and squirmed against him.

Harry rubbed her back lovingly as her hard nipples pressed against his skin. He wasn't the only one being amorous. Emma was grazing his skin with her soft lips while her hand played with his pec. Unfortunately, this only went on for a short time, and a few minutes later, she was out cold.

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Emma's eyes fluttered open, and she yawned loudly while stretching. The soreness wasn't nearly as bad as the night before, she discovered. She buried her face back into the pleasant warmth and breathed in deeply. "Good morning," she heard Harry say.

She froze momentarily and suddenly remembered where she was. She was in bed ... with Harry ... and she was completely nude. Emma pressed her face against his skin, hiding from her embarrassment. Harry's hand caressed her naked back, making her shudder violently. That one simple touch felt better than anything she had felt in a very long time. It was like pleasurable electricity radiated from his fingertips and sent shocks of pure pleasure up and down her body. She felt her nipples immediately stiffen, and that only made things worse. As her nipples brushed against his hot skin, Emma nearly came from the rush of pleasure. "M-Morning," she replied as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm her.

"There weren't any problems last night ... so that's good," Harry said, giving her the good news. His fingers drew circles across her bare back, making Emma whimper into his chest. "You should be just about finished changing, so I need to check you over. Is that alright?" he asked her. Emma nodded and sighed in relief when he stopped playing with her skin. She was dangerously close to cumming.

Harry sat up and pulled the blanket down. Emma couldn't help but stare at Harry's body. He was only wearing boxers, and she could see they were tented in the front. The tent was large ... very large, and she wondered what he was hiding in there. Harry, meanwhile, was looking at her nude body. Emma blushed as his eyes feasted on her breasts. She looked down, gasped, and sat up. Her breasts ... They were perfect! As she quickly moved into a sitting position, her breasts jiggled but stayed high on her chest. Emma wanted to squeal in happiness but refrained. She was supposed to be a mature woman, after all. Harry stood up and waved his hand. A full-length mirror appeared out of nowhere.

Shakily getting to her feet, she nearly fell over but was caught by Harry before she could. Her muscles were still quite sore. Harry moved behind her and kept his hands on her hips to keep her steady. Emma looked at herself in the mirror.

Before, her brown hair had dulled, but now it was a vibrant shade of chestnut. It was thicker, more luxurious, and hung over her shoulders in loose curls. Even though it was messy from

sleep, it somehow still looked incredible. The change in her eyes was shocking. The ever-present dark bags she used to hide under thick makeup were gone. Her eyes seemed bigger as well, giving her a more youthful look. Her brown irises now sparkled as though brushed with jewel dust. Even her eyebrows were perfect. Emma slowly touched her cheek. Her skin was so soft and smooth, and there wasn't a wrinkle to be seen. Her nose was small and cute, and her lips seemed fuller and more pink. She turned her head to the side and moved her hair. She had noticed that her ears had been getting bigger with age. That, of course, was completely normal and happened to everyone. That didn't mean she liked it. Now, her ears were back to the size they were when she was young. Her eyes lowered to her chest.

Emma's face heated up when she saw how perfect her breasts were. They no longer sagged but stood high and proud on her chest. The best part was that she had gone from a C-cup to at least a D. She twisted her body back and forth and watched as her breasts swayed and jiggled back into place. Her nipples had darkened over time, but now they were only a few shades darker than her porcelain skin. The tips of her nipples were hard and crinkled from the pleasure she had felt earlier. Emma's heart burst with joy at the sight of them. They looked just as youthful as the rest of her body.

Her belly was thin and toned, and she looked like she exercised regularly. Her slender waist flared into wide hips that were covered by Harry's hands. Her legs were long, shapely, and completely blemish-free. Emma turned and studied her ass. It jutted out from her thighs, and like her breasts, her cheeks were plump and perky. She couldn't spot a single instance of cellulite or any other blemish. She was overcome with joy. Spinning around, she flung her arms around Harry's neck and peppered his cheek with kisses.

"Oh, thank you!" she said through the kisses. Harry's head suddenly turned, and her lips landed on his by accident. At the same time, her hard nipples rubbing against his chest had her pussy throbbing with need. She wasn't sure how it exactly happened, but Emma quickly found herself with her tongue inside Harry's mouth. Much to her amazement, Harry began kissing her back.

His hands slid down her bare back and cupped her ass. He squeezed her tender flesh and accidentally pried open her cheeks. Emma felt a rush of cool air on her overheated pussy. Harry then broke the kiss, and Emma worried he might chastise her for going too far. She was pleasantly surprised when he began kissing down her neck and chest. His face was pressed into her vast cleavage while he sucked on the delicate skin of her inner breasts. Emma's eyes fluttered, and she threaded her fingers through his thick, messy hair. She pushed his head to the side and rubbed her hard, aching nipple against his lips. A loud moan left her mouth as Harry latched on and began sucking. His tongue flicked over the hard bead, then twirled around it.

The moment his lips touched her nipple, Emma felt pussy juice dripping down her thighs, and she couldn't stop herself from immediately cumming. She squealed loudly and gripped his hair tightly. Her thighs snapped closed, and she furiously rubbed them together. Harry switched to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment. He then got bolder and slid his hand between

her cheeks. His fingers crept deeper until they found her slit. He dragged his fingers along her center and nearly penetrated her. He then lowered her onto the bed.

Emma was breathing raggedly as Harry settled between her legs. His lips were devouring her poor nipple, and she loved every second of it. He let go of it with a wet pop and began kissing down her belly. Emma gasped loudly when he kissed her belly button and went even lower. When his lips reached the top of her smooth mound, she gripped his hair tightly.

"Harry," she gasped. "I'm not sure if we should do this," she stated through her lustful haze, even though she was pushing his head down between her open legs. She looked down and saw a shock of messy hair sticking out from between her spread thighs. When his mouth reached her core, she held his head in place. That was exactly where she wanted him to be. Emma laid back and brushed the hair from her face. She could feel his warm breath washing over her naked pussy, and when he gave her an experimental lick, her orgasm flared again. His hand gripped her inner thighs, and he pushed her legs open until they were flat against the bed. Emma then discovered something else about her new body. She was now very flexible.

"Oh, god! Yes!" she squealed as Harry's tongue pressed hard against the bottom of her slit. He dragged his tongue up the entire length and flicked it over her hard clit. She heard him hum in delight as he tasted her for the first time. He placed kisses all around her throbbing clit, which made her groan in frustration. Emma moved his head so that his lips were directly on her clit. She pulled his head hard against her as she ground herself all over his mouth. Harry gave in and began sucking on her little bead. "That's..." she gasped. "That's good," she was barely able to finish as his tongue wiggled around her clit.

Her body bucked, and her eyes bulged as his fingers slipped inside of her. They curled expertly, and soon after, her pussy was clamped down around them. She squealed as little sprays of pussy juice squirted from her quivering cunt. Harry dutifully continued pleasuring her clit while his fingers stimulated that special spot inside of her. Emma kneaded her naked tits and tugged on her sensitive nipples as she rode out her spectacular orgasm. 'I don't know what's going on with me,' flashed through her head. She had never acted like such a slut before. However, at the moment, she didn't care. Her thighs squeezed his head while her body squirmed uncontrollably. Harry then pulled his fingers from her pussy and stood up.

Emma watched him, her legs wide open and her pussy dripping. Labored breaths caused her tits to shake while Harry stepped out of his boxers. Her eyes locked on the glorious rod of man meat sticking out from between his legs. Harry stroked his cock a few times, staring at her still-cumming pussy. Emma knew what was about to happen, and she knew she could stop it if she wanted. All she had to do was tell him no. Instead, she reached down and spread her lips with two fingers, offering him her opening. Harry smiled and crawled between her legs. His lips found hers, and she gasped into his mouth when his long cock slipped inside her waiting pussy.